

PARTHENQPHE,
ODES. 469

All gloss, her cheeks did
beautify. Her roseate Lips, soft
lovely swelling,

And full of pleasure as a
cherry ; Her Breath of divine
spices smelling^

Which, with tongue broken, would make
merry Th' infernal souls ; and, with her
voice?

Set heaven gates open, hell gates
shut, Move melancholy to rejoice^

And thrall'd in Paradise might
put. Her Voice, not human, when
she speaketh

I think some angel or
goddess, Into celestial tunes
which breaketfa,

Speaks like her, with such
cheerfulness* All birds and
instruments may take

Their notes divine and
excellent* Melodious
harmony to make*

From her sweet voices' least
accent. This we Love's
Sanctuary call!

Whence Sacred Sentences
proceed, Rolled up in sounds
angelical;

Whose place, sweet Nature hath
decreed^ Just under CUPID'S
Trophy fixed,

Where music hath its excellence
And such sweets, with Love's
spirit mixed,

As please far more than
frankincense, Thence, issue forth
Love's Oracles

Of Happiness, and luckless
Teen ! So strange be Love's
rare miracles In her, as like
have never been ! Her Neck
that curious axletree,

Pure ivory like, which doth
support The Globe of my
Cosmography;

Where, to my Planets I
resort To take judicial
signs of skill,

When tempests to mine heart
will turn ? When showers shall my
fountains fill ?